THE ENGLISH CABINET.

RECENT CHANGES AND COMING PROBA-BILITIES.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. The Cabinet changes of which a hint was given by Mr. Gladstone last week are being made with great deliberation. Two points only are settled. Lord Spencer has ceased to be Lord President of the Conneil, and remains in the Cabinet as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Lord Carlingford has kissed hands as Lord President of the Council. No great commotion followed on these announcements. it is felt by everybody that the arrangement with reference to Lord Spencer, though unusual, answers to the necessities of the times. When he became Viceroy, the appointment was understood to be temporary, or perhaps experimental. He has so dis-charged the duties of his difficult and perilous office that nobody dreams of replacing him, and nobody in the Government would now consent to be without Lord Spencer's assistance in the Cabinet as well as in Ireland. It is seen to be quite impracticable that the head of the Irish administration, being, as he now is, really the head, should not have a

voice in framing the policy he is to carry out.

Perhaps no public reputation has grown so rapidly as Lord Spencer's. When Mr. Gladstone made him Lord President of the Council, he was known vaguely to the country as a great nobleman whose wealth, social position, and dignity of character and bearing fitted him for a post which had come to be thought more ceremonious than political. Time was when the Lord President of the Council was the chief figure among the King's chief advisers. So stately was the office that the holder of it was the third ect in the realm, only the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord High Chancellor taking dence of him. In point of precedence, it remains what it was, and hence the rule has that the office should be filled by some peer of high rank and splendor. The great nobles of the Kingdoes would ill endure to see themselves displaced at Court, or even in private life, by a plebeian or by s man whose title was new, or of the lower degrees in the peerage. Lord Spencer had everything that tru'd grace the post. But when, at a critical mono sat, he was sent to Ireland as Viceroy, not a few panule shook their heads as they did when Lord seasonsfield made the late Lord Mayo Viceroy of India. In both cases, the men justified the choice made, in Lord Spencer's case most brilliantly and completely. His friends knew he had excellent business talents. He has applied them to the work of complicated administration in Ireland. He has governed with judgment, with sound sense, with firmness, with resolution. He has begun and carried out a policy of his own, already indicated by d full of promise for the future. 1 don't think the public has yet given Lord Spencer full credit for the self-sacrifice involved in this work. A muse in the prime of life and health, with everything to make life attractive, fond of society of sport, of country life, surrounded in London and in the country with every delightful circumstance, popmiar, be. deliberately renounces all that he has most carea for, takes up the endless and thankless work of governing Ireland, and pursues it day after day for a pure and single sense of duty, with the imminent probability of being murdered at his post. Failure would have discredited him. Success an give him little he cares for beyond the consness of a great task greatly performed. Lord Carlingford is a man whom the opinion of

his order will not welcome as Lord President of the Conneil, but will tolerate. His peerage is of the met called orand-new, but something will be pardoned to him because of long political service and olitical respectability. He has twice been Chief Se retary for Ireland, then president of the Board of Trade, holding these and other offices as Mr. chester Fortescue. It may be said of him that he belonged to that Whig hierarchy whose preacriptive claim to the possession of such good things as are going is, in these days, so rudely challenged by rising Radicals. It may be said of him also that one of his chief claims to distinction consisted in his being the nusband of Lady Waldegrave, the last of the female chiefs of the Whigs; a woman whose memoirs, if they exist, and could be published, would be of surpassing interest. If Lady Waldegrave had been living in 1880, when Mr. Gladstone formed his administration, it is pretty eafe to say that a place in the Cabinet would have been found for Lord Carlingford. The omission was excused on the ground of Lord Carlingford's ill health; a pretext which that nobleman raced home from the Continent to pronounce utterly baseless. By way of compensation he was offered Gest the Governor-Generalship of India and next the Embassy at Constantinople; both of which he delines. In April, 1881, the Duke of Argyli, unable to give his support to the Irish Land bill, resigned the Privy Seal, and Lord Carlingford was drawn forth from his retirement to replace the MacCallum More. Few appointments have more surprised the political world. It was defended on the ground that Lord Carlingford understood Ireland, and that meh a man was needed to pilot the Land bill through a hostile House of Lords. True enough, he had been Chief Secretary for Ireland, but of the ilotsge of the Land bill in the Lords, the less said

What was wanted at that moment in the upper house was a man, first of all, who could speak. Lord Carlingford could not. A man with some ower of persuasion, with tact, with a grasp of the principles and intricate details swarming in the Lard bill-with energy and patient courage, might have carried that bill through the upper chamber, and secured its acceptance without all the emascuation and mutilation it underwent in Lord Ca lin ford's hands. Among the hardened officeholders of the past, there was no such person then aveilable, but among the younger men of the party there was at least one who had in a high degree the quelities I have named. To intrust so difficult a hut less to so young a man as Lord Rossbery, then without official duties, might have seemed to a way Prime Minister a hazardous experiment. But at least it would have been an experiment. It had a possibility, and most men would have said, a great probability, of success, while Lord Carlingford was foredoomed to tailure. Lord Rosebery, morsever, could have had behind him then, as he has now, the enthusiastic support of one powerful section of the United Kingdom; and the Governneut was then in a position where no access of devotion could be despised. But it was not to be. Scotland would have rung with cheers if Lord Rosebery had been asked to take office. England, which knows less of his remarkable abilities and power of despatching business, would have received is name with hopeful interest. Nobody, if the lain truth must be spoken, cared two straws bout Lord Carlingford; or nobody outside of the Whig elique in which he had so long been nursed.

When it became known that Lord Spencer would case to be Lord President of the Council, Mr. Trevelyan's name was at once mentioned, not as his successor in that great office, but as likely to be offered a seat in the Cabinet, retaining his present place as Chief Secretary for Ireland. This is not new regarded as likely. Mr. Gladstone is delighted with the success of his plan of converting a Vicerevalty, heretofore too largely ornamental, into a reverting force. He will do nothing to lessen Lord er's nuthority, and it is doubtful whether he ill do anything to increase the authority of the Chief Secretaryship, or to put it again more nearly on a level with the Viceroyaity. Mr. Trevelyan is young and can perfectly afford to wait. He and Lord Spencer are admirably fitted to work topother. They are excellent friends, they find no difficulty in dividing the immense work of Government between them, and each is particularly strong in prints where the other is less strong. Undoubtedivinere would be an advantage in bringing inside he Cabinet the man who has so exposed the frishpolley of the Cabinet in the House of Common, But no great practical difficulty has yet occurred for want of this. Mr. Trevelyan, who has espacity and courage, both of the highest in Dublin, has proved not less successful in the where he is as popular, except among thes, as he is unpopular in Ireland except leyal. He is on the steps of the Cabolic a position among the most enviable

one can think of in English polities, that of a man with respect to whom his party and the country in general are considering why he is not in the Cabinet already.

Whether anybody will succeed Lord Carling ford as Privy Seal upon his surrender of that dignity, is not yet known. The Privy Seal is an office which the modern Rudical attacks as a sinecure and a fresh campaign against the continuance of the office is promised for this year whenever Parliament is asked to vote the salary of its occupant. Mr. Gladstone has himself, if not precisely an abhorrence of sinecures, a passion for economy, of which the practical result is much the same thing. It is understood he is considering the question of abolishing the office. On the other hand, it is thought probable that LordCarlingford will speedily resign it, and that it may be conferred temporarily on whoever is to create the contemplated Department of Agriculture, or of Commerce, or of both in one. It might also serve as a means of organizing that Ministry for Scotland of which so much has been said. There is no doubt that the Scotch want a Minister to themselves. Upon the first suggestion of the project, it was supported by Scotemen of both political parties; Scotch patriotism being equal, at times, to the sinking of political differences when something is to be got for the land or oat-meal by a unanimous demand. Now one hears that the Scotch members of the House of Commons are declining to sign the memorial to the Prime Minister in favor of the new department. The secret of the change is that the Scotch Tories, aware o the credit that will accrue to whatever Government shall grant this boon, mean to get the credit for themselves. They rather hope Mr. Gladstone will refuse.

You will find it worth noting, in connection with this movement, that the Conservatives have for some time past been making great efforts to gain a hold north of the Tweed. If one of the Conservative magnates, Lora Salisbury or Sir Stafford Northcote, for example, has a speech to make he goes to Scotland for a platform. They are careful not to oppose Scotch business in Parliament. They allowed Lord Rosenery's bill abolishing entails and enabling entailed estates to be sold, to pass easily last year through a House where almost every English Conservative member must have been in his heart opposed to it. They see clearly enough that Mr. Gladstone treats Scotland as if its support could be Gladstone treats Scotland as if its support could be counted on, no matter whether its wishes are consulted or not. They hope to win seats by an opposite policy and it is by no means clear that they will not succeed. It might be difficult even for them to say whom they would make Minister for Scotland if they had the power. The Liberals are in no such difficulty. One of their strongest arguments for the immediate erection of the office is that they have at hand in Lord Rosebery the forest that they have at hand in Lord Rosebery the forest that they have at hand in Lord Rosebery the forest that they have a thank in Lord Rosebery the forest that they have a thank in Lord Rosebery the forest that they have a thank in Lord Rosebery the forest thank in the second thank they have a thank in Lord Rosebery the forest thank in the second thank they have a thank in Lord Rosebery the forest thank they have a thank in Lord Rosebery the forest thank they have a thank in Lord Rosebery the forest thank they have a thank in Lord Rosebery the forest thank they have a thank in Lord Rosebery the forest thank they have a thank in Lord Rosebery the forest thank they have a thank in Lord Rosebery the forest thank they have a thank in Lord Rosebery the forest thank they have the lord they have the lord thank they have the meuts for the immediate creation of the office is that they have at hand in Lord Rosebery the fore-ordained and pre-emineutly fit occupant of it. Lord Rosebery in his present part of Under Secratary of the Home Office has charge of Scotch business, lying outside of the offices of Lord Advocate and Solicitor General, both of whom are in the House of Commons. But the Scotch people are convinced that Scotch interests will be promoted by having a Minister to rok after them, and a Minister scoper or later they will have. The London papers oppose, but the London papers show a jealousy and a narrow spirit with reference to Scotland more easily explicable than defensible. Mr. Gladstone has a clear week, before meeting Parliament again, in which to make up his aind on all these points and on some others. But a decision will be expected from him, and his most zealous friends are precisely those who think it ought not to be postponed.

G. W. S.

PARNELL IN PARIS.

HIS VIEWS OF GLADSTONE AND LADY FLORENCE DIXIE.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.
PARIS, March 23.
Mr. Parnell has been spending a week here. His object in coming was to ascertain whether there was any likelihood of the French Republic entering nto an extradition league with the great monarchies of Europe for the extirpation of Nihilists and a certain class of Fenians. He also wanted to produce a current of opinion favorable towards Ireland. For this reason he courted publicity and allowed himself to be interviewed by every journalist who chose to call upon him. I was one of the many. Although I paid my visit at a reasonably early hour in the foreneon, he was still in bed. A large-size revolver lay on the mantel-piece of his sitting room. While I was waiting Mr. O'Kelly entered. He is of the good-natured, off-handed type of Irishmen, and speaks French tike a Parasian. Mr. Parnell, whose acquaintance I had made some years ago, struck me when he made his appearance as looking depressed and sad. He has an aristocratic air, though he has inherited a good deal that is American from his mother. His face has taken an auxious expression for which I was not prepared. I should say that he feels greatly the responsibilities of his position as a leading agitator. There was nothing in his manner that betrayed fear of prosecution, but there was a good deal in what he said which made it evident to me that he has resolved on a plan of campaign which will be attended with momentous consequences. He spoke of Gladstone as a "politician," and refused to believe that he meant what he said at Chateau Scott and Nice to Clemenceau about Ireland and local self-govern ment. After fighting so hard last year, or appearing to fight so hard, with the Tories of the House of Commons and with Whigs of the great landholding families, why did he, Mr. Parnell demanded, suffer the Agrarian bill to be deformed by the Lords? He had the means at his disposal of foreing them to accept it just as it was sent up from the House of Commons. There was nothing revolutionary in "swilling" the peerage a little. The new Agrarian measure insured free sale, and if the working of the Land act were exeditious and law cheap it would also insure fixity of tenure, and in the cases of small tenants who had not leases, a fair rent. But the intervention of the attorney was as costly as ever, and it was matheimpossible for the Land courts to get brough all the petitions now filed for at least twelve years. While the act was being discussed. landlerds in many instances obliged tenants to sign leases and thus debarred them from the benefits of the Agrarian law.

Mr. Parnell thinks it was a mistake for the League to help tenants to remain in their holdings and to meet the expenses of proceedings against them for distraint. It would have been better merely to assist with money those who were turned out. The middling-well-off clamored as hard for money as if they had no farm stock, and were ealous if anything more was done for the very poor than for them.

Mr. Parnell struck me as being a man of considerble intellectual grasp, clear-headed, resolute and devoted to the cause for which he struggles. I should also say that he is dextrous. He regretted that he was too inexperienced to direct the movement which suddenly declared itself when Mr. Gladstone took office. The leaders were borne away with its impetuous violence. They had not time to select good in struments, or to consider select good in struments, or to consider
any step they took. Events obliged them
to act with precipitation. This was very
unfortunate. What Parnell now wants,
he says, to do in America and elsewhere, is to make
a blind force (which is destructive because blind)
an intelligent and beneficent force. He entered
into none of the details of his scheme.

I saw the member for Cork on the day on which
the news arrived of Lady Florence Dixie's adventure. His sad eye became harsh and wrathful when
he alluded to the inferences drawn from it by some
of the London morning papers. I asked what
he thought of the whole affair, "Simply,"

of the London morning papers. I seked what he thought of the whole affair. "Simply," he replied, "that Lady Florence is half-cracked, and that the English Jump on the strength of her tale to an iniquitous conclusion." Mr. Parnell volunteered to explain that Lady Florence hated the Land League because he did not answer an enthusiastic letter which she addressed to him after he left Kilmainham. He had never seen her, but notwithstanding the bee that was in her bonnet, he thought her a woman of talent. To the question, "Why did you not reply to her letter?" he answered: "It is very dangerous to enter into a correspondence with an eccentric married woman who is the wife of a Tory baronet. I thought it better to make no sign. It would have been wiser to send her a polite reply, and then keep out of her way. But we are always wiser ofter the event than before."

Mr. Parnell saw Frenchmen of all political creeds

Mr. Parnell saw Frenchmen of all political creeds and parties when he was here. One of the persons whom he has drawn to the Irish side is M. Andrieux, the Deputy, ex-Prefect of Police and ex-Ambassador to the Court of Mairid, He spent a morning with Clemenceau and passed two evenings with Rochefort, who now wants the Republic to send an expedition to Ireland to emancipate that

CURRENT RUSSIAN TOPICS.

THE PRESS-THE JEWS-EASY-GOING OFFI-

[FROM ANOCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
St. Petersburg, March 10.
The second half of the month of February was marked by two measures, of which one, though long expected, has attracted much attention, while the other will be considered of sufficient interest not to pass by unnoticed. The leading paper of the Russian progressive party, the Golos, or in English Voice, has been stopped for six months; and the Empero has ordered revision and correction of the laws referring to the long-suffering and much-abused Jews. About eighteen months ago the Golos under went the same punishment, and for the same length of time. Then, however, its editor, M. Kraefiskey, who had to pay his hands their wages in order to keep them, started an interim paper, something on the scale of an American extra, and christened it The New Paper. It saw the light for twelve consecutive days only, and then went out of existence. It lid not die without a feeble struggle, however, for in spite of its short life it was deemed worthy of a "first warning," but its editor, seeing how determined his enemies were to crush him, and how numerous and powerful they were, gave up the fight and stopped the paper.

Being the mouthpiece of the liberal party, the Golos has aroused the wrath of the "Old Muscavites," whose interests the present Emperor was supposed to represent at a time when he had yet an elder brother. Rumor has it that Count Tolstoi, who holds the fate of the Russian press in a firm grip, has persecuted the Golos out of existence in order to please his firm friend and supporter M. Katkoff, the editor of The Moscow News, the principal organ of the Muscovite party. The Golos is reported thoroughly dead this time, for the terms which have been distated for the reopening of the paper cannot, it would seem, be accepted by any editor ambitious honestly to represent a certain part of the reading public and at the same time to edit a paper that amounts to anything. However, the Golos has proved itself such a plucky fighter that possibly it may be only in a trance even now.

The order of the Emperor concerning the Jews has four paragraphs. The first orders the formation of a Commission (Commissions thrive like mushrooms here) for the revision and correction of laws now in force. The second nominates members of said Commission, and appoints as president M. Makoff, secretary of state, actual, secret councillor, and member of the Emperor's Council. The third grants to the president the right to invite into the Commission anybody whom he may consider particularly well acquainted with the matter in hand-a gentle hint to M. Makoff, "the actual, the secret," that it would be a good plan to consult such people as really know something and not merely personal friends whom he wishes to see decorated or raised in rank, as is generally done. And the fourth clause orders the labors of the Commission to be forwarded "without delay" (the quotation marks are mine) to the Minister of the Interior. The short "without delay" is very eloquent in

this land of procrastination, for the manner in which geotlemen in the Emperor's, or as Americans would say, in the people's, pay, attend to their business is truly patriarchal, not to say Asiatic. The Russians call it "dressing-gown fashion." Having occasion to go to one of the Ministries or Courts in into a sort of reception room, partitioned off through the middle by a network of wire upon a wooden foundation, forming something like a very large cage. In that cage, cut off from the outer world but visible to everybody, ant some uniformed gentlemen over their work, while further on four servants of ushers, also in uniform, were occupied in making tea. Now people in America might possibly imagine that tea-making in this country is a very complicated and laborious affair, but it is no more so than anywhere else, only people here are so easy going and good-natured; time has so little value, and labor is so cheap, even though it may be poor, that about half a dozen people are doing here what one person would do with much more thoronghness in America because not stumbling over other people's feet. One of the servants in question was washing about half a dozen spoons, sancers and glasses. Men in Russia drink their tea out of glasses, so they can admire the amber liquid and at the same time feel its warmth creeping through their bodies as they hold the glasses between their fingers. The second man brought the tea-canister and sugar-bowl, and being impressed with the importance and dignity of his work he moved about generated in the spectator a violent desire to go to pain and fever from which she suffers. The third man was arranging sweet crackers and slicing lemons to be used with the tea, while the fourth man's attention was en-

tirely absorbed by the samovar.

The samovar, as well as the steam bath, is a truly national institution. Take away from the Russian these two objects of necessity and luxury, and he will think life has been robbed of half its charms. The samovar is an indispensable piece of furniture in the houses of the rich and the poor, the high and the low, and not fill he is the happy owner of such an institution does a young man set about in search of a life partner, willing to share with him the comforts offered by a room somewhere under a staircase. The word "samovar" is composed of the pronoun "self" or "itself," and the verb "to boil," and literally means "self-boiler." The samevar is made of brass, has the shape of an egg, and holds from one to two pails of water. The lower end rests on four feet, the upper is flattened, and it has a funnel for charcoal in the centre. The top of the funnel is finished off by an object resembling a crown, and when the water boils on your tea-table

crown, and when the water body on your teachable
you fill your teapet, put it on the crown to draw,
and your tea is ready.

The four men were attending to their duty in
religious silence, the only time they opened their
mouths being to inform me that there was to be an
extra meeting on some important business and that
it was on that account they were making the tea.

Now the continuous who compose those meetings Now the gentlemen who compose those meetings come together at 2, leisurely sip their tea, relate the latest news, and go home to their dinners at 4, leaving a kind Providence to attend to their affairs, unless, indeed, the question be one of politics—"political unreliability," as they call it here. Then these same jovial, easy-going gentlemen will instantly be transformed into stern, untitaching judges, working day and night and to the best of their abilities, in their endeavor to please the head of the country and thus earn stars and ribbons, or a more exalted "chin" or rank.

a more exalted "chin" or rank.

The present Emperor, in ordering a revision of the laws relating to the Jews, has taken one step further on the road trodden by his father. When Alexander II, freed the serfs he at the same time tried to better the condition of his Hebrew subjects. Previous to 1861 no Jew was allowed to remain in a Russian town longer than a week, except in Poland and the Sonth, which were overrun by them. In Poland, they were even so numerous and powerful once that a Polish King was on the point of marrying a Jewess. Russians knew only the pedding Jew, by no means the best representative of the race, as the persecutions by his Christian brethen had made him unscripulous and cowardly and had over-developed his natural shrewdness. Even where they were tolerated they did not dare to betray any outward signs of thirft; they world not long have remained numolested if they had, so they remained ragged and dirty and to all outward appearances in abject poverty until they became a by-word and a reproach, while in reality they held the purse-strings of the country. They carried on a pitiless and most unrelenting usury, sucking the life-blocd of their victims like so many leeches and keeping the people, who flattered themselves that they were their masters, in the most absolute and humiliating dependence. And the two races hated each other most thoroughly. Once in a while the Christian slave rebelled and inangurated a love-feast, similar to those of the Vandais and the Goths, but his resistance only lasted until his long accumulated energy had spent itself, when everything went on as before.

The powers of resistance of the Jews must be remarkable indeed for them to have remained intact in the midst of a lace of such absorbing power as the Slavs, the more so as the Russian have spared no efforts to wipe them out of existence. The young men who under the old military regime of twesty-five years' servitude were drafted into the army had to suffer all the abuse and persecution that their brother soldiers wer The present Emperor, in ordering a revision of the

young man to find the two persons he was in search of. By becoming a member of the Greek Church be gained rest from persecutions and two people willing to interest themselves in him and supply him with whatever he stood in need of. So outwardly he had everything to gain, but whether by abjuring what was holiest and dearest to him he had been sincere, and whether he gamed in honor and self-respect, was a question which never entered the heads of his bigoted persecutors, and the consideration that he was now a baptized Christian would have outweighed everything else even if it had. It was to save the Jew from the Russian as well as the Russian from the Jew that the late Emperor granted to the latter firmer ground to stand upon. That his kind intentions have not taken any firm root yet, the events of last year sufficiently npon. That his kind intentions have not taken any firm root yet, the events of last year sufficiently proved, but then the common people were so shocked by the violent death of Alexander the Liberator that they had to express their feelings in some way, and they found none but the unfortunate Jew upon whem to vent their outraged feelings. Alexander II. "the Liberator"; and Alexander III. would not dishoner those who went before him by earning for himself the surname of "the Lawabider."

VICTOR HUGO.

FROM THE REGULAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.

REMARKS ON THE FALL OF THE TUILE-RIES-MME. DROUHET.

PARIS, March 23.
Victor Hugo was yesterday presented with medal commemorating the destruction of the Tuil-eries and struck in his honor. On one side there was an image of the Republic, with her hand resting on volumes of "Les Chatiments" and "Les Misérables," and on the other a suitable inscription which mentioned that this work of art was com posed of metals that had been fused in the burning of the Palace. The model was by Jacques France, the sculptor, and the artisan Taschef, of the mint. Victor Hugo, in reply to an address read to him, said that the Tuileries were erected by and associated in history with an iniquitous Italian woman, the niece of a Pope. It began with Catherine de Medici, and in its latter days it was the hostelry of an ignoble Cæsarism. Its ultimate fate conveyed a moralizing lesson, and one which was in many respects consoling. It was that monarchies founded in injustice had no stability and must give way to popular justice, for so God willed. As fire purifies everything it touches, Victor Hugo accepted with gratitude the medal, which also reminded him that Paris is a crucible wherein vile metals are transmuted into noble ones. This crucible had been at work for ages, and by Divine appointment. Its mission was to evolve out of feudal monarchical and sacerdotal iniquity the Republic-that is to say, justice in politics, society, and the distribution of national wealth.

In the evening at dinner Victor Hugo entertained his guests with a monologue on the women of the Renaissance. He said that the series began in Lucretia Borgia and ended in Elizabeth of England. This Queen had two great merits: she insisted on a Poor law being voted by her Parliament, and she encouraged Shakespeare to write plays and bring them on the stage. The best women of the Renaissance were French. They were Renée, Duchess Ferrara, and Marguerite, Queen of varre. Jane Grey was one of those angels whose visits to earth are few and far between, Anne Boleyn and Mary Stuart were mixed characters. They were also enigmatical, and would therefore be eternally interesting. Both were compounded the city of the Great and Lovely Peter, I was shown of fine gold and miry clay. The most sinister the Renaissance were Catherine de Medici and Mary Tudor. But Mary at least had the virtue of sincerity. Catherine, who began to build the Tuileries, had all the masculine vices of her period and no feminino virtue. She did not even love her children, and she is with good reason accused of having poisoned her eldest son so as to break down the political influence of her daughter-in-law. The spirit of that unloved and unloving Queen seemed to haunt the Tuileries.

Victor Hugo, who made Lucretia Borgia and Mary Tudor the heroines of dramas, once thought of bringing Catherine upon the stage. But when he tudied her in her acts and letters he found that she was too odious. A male villain is permissible in a dramatic work; a thorough-paced female villain is not. This Medecian Princess was the counterpart

Victor Hugo is menaced with a terrible ber eavenent. His old friend and companion, Mme. Drouhet, is ill, it would seem, unto death. Her ailment is supposed to be cancer in the stomach. She has the fortitude, when the poet goes to sit and her bedside, to dissimulate He does not realize, therefore, that she is seriously and looks forward to taking her to Guernsey in the summer. This lady has been associated with his life since "Marie was first played. She personated that Queen. The whole town raved about her, and the poet thought her adorable. To please him she quitted the stage, and has ever since de-voted herself to him. She was for a long course of years his literary secretary. At Guernsey she resided near Hauteville House, and on the death of Mme, Victor Hugo she took her place. I have only known her as an old, white-headed lady. She has a firm character, suavity of manner, quiet dignity, fine tact, and does not care about either the praise or blame of the world. All Victor Hugo's relatives accept her as world. All Victor Hugo's relatives accept her as the Maintenen of the poet, and the servants take orders from her only. She governs the household with wise discretion and without seeming friction, and until her present illness confined her to her bed, did the honors of the dining-room and drawing-room. Her diction and enunciation in speaking are charming. Although styled "Madame," she was never married. When Victor Hugo was free to marry her she refused to urge him to make use of his liberty for her advantage. A marriage she thought would be an admission that their friendship was not a righteous one.

QUEEN MARGARET'S MEMORY.

QUEEN MARGARET'S MEMORY.

Roman Letter to the Boston Herald.

Queen Matgaret, who speaks four languages perfectly, and has none of the King's constitutional shyness, is really remarkable for the tact and grace with which she contrives to say the right thing to the right person. The Countess C.—an American Catholic lady married to a man of high rank here—told me the other day that, after having a private audience with the Queen, she had remained quite astonished at the memory she displayed of all the characteristics of persons whom perhaps she only saw in the more formal reunions of the court. The Count and Countess C.. it may be observed in passing, are of the liberal modern school of Catholics, who find the performance of their religious duties quite compatible with a display of respect for the reigning sovereign. After a pleasant little conversation with Countess C. in English (which the Queen speaks perfectly). Queen Margaret said:
"And your husband, what does he chiefly occupy himself with?" "Well, your Majesty, at present nothing seems to interest him more than the building of the large new barracks in our quarter of the town."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Queen, "I would have pre-

town."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Queen. "I would have predicted that. I always say to the King, when Count C. meets us out driving, that, from his mere mode of saluting. I am certain he is more vieux militaire than anything else, and that his heart is with the

than anything else, and that his heart is with the army."

But the Queen displayed a still greater proof of that keen memory of details so valuable to royalty on the recent occasion of the presentation to her of the English admiral, Sir Erasmus Ommaney, who was here for the carnival season with his family. She said: "I know your name very well, admiral, for, apart from your distinguished services, I remember that you were in command of a ship at Gibraltar the first time that my brother, the Duke of Genoa, touched there, and that you showed him great kindness and attention."

Sir Erasmus himself told me soon after the interview that he was quite struck with admiration, not only of the grace and tact with which she said exactly what was likely to be most pleasing to him, but at the fact of her prodigious memory for details, which might well have been forgotten in the passage of time.

Taking as her model the Hottentot Venus, the

Taking as her model the Hottentot Venus, the Moorish Fatima undergoes, especially during betrothal, a process of eramming very similar to the mode of fattening Strasburg geese. After everymeal she moulds with her fingers the crumb of new bread into peliets of the shape and size of No. 12 central-fire cartridges. This ammunition is rammed down her guilet with the aid of green tea or other beverages; and by stuffing down from fifty to a hundred of these boluses daily for about a month, the fair martyr to Moorish materialism acquires a breadth of body and a mammoth-like massiveness of limbs which render locomotion a vanity, and getting upstairs a vexation of spirit.

LONDON GOSSIP.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S NOTES ON ENGLISH TOPICS.

N—PARK, Yorkshire, March 23.

It is not to be supposed, because we are here five hours from London, that we do not know all that is going on there and elsewhere. We are here because we are slaves of tradition in this country. We go on month of poets, flowers and the like, as we if we did not know perfectly well that when the old monks dwelt in the magnificent house at which I am entertained this Eastertide, May was eleven days later in the season than it has been since placed by the rectification of the calendar. Everybody knows how our glorious port-wine, rum-punch and "fat ale" swilling forefathers growled and swore at an act of the Legislature which, as they held, cheated them out of eleven days, shortened their lives to that extent, and consequently defranded them of the following enjoyments: eleven pints of small beer to get sober upon in the morning, eleven drams of brandy to correct the same, twenty-two quarts of strong home-brewed ale to drink at breakfast and at intervals, thirtythree bottles of port or charet, madeira, sherry or burgundy, and eleven bowls of rum-punch, this being the average consumption of a country gentlems n of good estate, who hunted the fox after the manner of his time, and when the first bowl of punch was brought on the table duly stirred up the same with the brush of the last mar-tyred Reynard. Now the fox, whom I, like my countrymen, worship on account of his intellectual superiority, is nevertheless almost as highly flavored and odoriferous an animal as the genuine old-fashioned Bohemian man of letters, and I doubt whether the ceremony referred to would be relished any more than rum punch itself by modern sportsmen. With all their eccentricities the "Johnnies" and "Chappies" of the genuine brand are gentlemen, all of the modern time, especially nice as well as moderate in their eating and drinking, and would shudder at hot Jamaica punch stirred up with the reek ing brush of a fine old dog-fox, who would leave a scent behind him breast high. But they go out of town at

Easter like their forefathers.

This movable feast of Easter, which depends upon the Jewish Passover, which again depends upon some astro-nomical conjunction, is quite out of place as a holiday in March, more particularly in such a diabolical March as we are coughing and sneezing through. We have had a fine open winter and plenty of hunting, and I for one should have been much happier in London at this present moment. But to remain in town is difficult. Tradition matters little to me, but no more than any other person I like to be left alone in a desert. And at this moment London is a desert. A few artists are hard at work finishing their pictures, and the acting fraternity are busy with new pieces. But of society there is none. Every body is gone somewhere, including the real "Johnnies and "Chappies." Even the first-class counterfeits are at Brighton and the Isle of Wight.

As I have said, we keep ourselves well posted here con cerning all current news in London and other places, as for instance, that the charming Lady Brooke, whose white gown and ostrich feathers created so much excitemen at the Drawing Room, has reason for her sweetly pen sive look, and that the attack on Lady Florence Dixie was an attack pour rire. The first sentiment of horror excited by the alleged outrage of last Saturday has entirely given way to sarcastic and incredulous comment. company here-and the immense house is quite full-is ultra Tory and consequently anti-Irish, but every man and woman is hughing at poor Lady Florence Dixie, and the St. Bernard dog which does not bite, the daggers which pierce not, and the struggle which does not ruffle the surface of the ground. The wag of the place sug gests that the story is "of the Fishery, fishy," and wen ders what has become of the tame jaguar which Lady Florence was used to keep on that part of her Windsor

Some time ago, I think it was when her sister married the baker's young man, I pointed out that Lady Florence in common with her family was, to say the least, eccen-There is nothing to be said against this lady, except that she is odd in her ways. When she and Beau" Dixie, her husband, went regularly to Newmarket, they were the best joke of the place, and since her drinking and betting described when his sister was in the Divorce Court, Sir Beaumont Dixle is never heard of. But Lady Florence is fond of potoriety. She has revived the fingging interest in the Patagonians and more recently isited the genuine " Pats " on their native bog. [She has been to South Africa as "special correspondent" (of what use is a she special correspondent?) of that fashionable organ of the boudoir and the pantry, The Morning Post. has become, like Mr. Gilbert Farqunar, the new actor, the "pai" of Cetewayo, the Zulu King. She has foregathered with the Patagonians and quarrelled with the "Pats" over her book on Ireland. She has been threatened, and as she says, and perhaps think, attacked by the rebel Fenians and Land Leaguers. She receives no sympathy from the fair sex here, who as a rule dislike he-politicians. They, however, are a little unjust to her adyship, who is, I apprehend, to be rather pitied than

To a believer in the theories of Darwin, the case of the present generation of Queensberry Douglases is per-fectly intelligible. They are not descended from "old Q." who lived in Piccadilly, wrote (or rather quoted) of the autiful French dancer, " nec tecum nec sine te, possu vivere," and said that " Loudon might be empty but was always a great deal fuller than the country." This estimable nobleman died without issue-perhaps happily for the human race, for it is difficult to conceive what the deviltry of his genius grafted on that of a French opera dancer, might not have compassed. But it is not neces-sary to go back more than one generation to explain the eccentricity of the present race of Queensberry Douglases. The late Lord Queensberry while yet only Lord Drumianrig was the last man to defend prize-fight-ing in the House of Commons, and after succeeding to the Marquisate died "from the accidental explosion of his gun while out rabbit-shooting at Kinmount. was immediately after the Goodwood Cup was won by Mr. Merry's Saunterer, against whom Lord Queensberry had laid 16,000 to Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Merry's commisioner, who fell into dire disgrace with his iron-master for making such a bet with a man who could not pay if

he lost.
So much for the last generation. Of the present, the Marquis of Queensberry is the nobleman who after long thought and foreign travel declined to take the oath in the House of Lords because he is a Freethinker, or rather Atheist. He also created a disturbance when Mr. Atheist. He also created a disturbance when Mr. Tennyson's wretched play, "The Promise of May," was produced. It will be rememberd that the agnostic is made the talking villain of the piece. Now it is a patent fact that scores of English noblemen held very much the opinions of Lord Queensberry, but do not consider it necessary to make silly demonstrations against an equally silly play. Lord Queensberry has written himself down the Bradiaugh of the Upper House. His next brother was the Lord Francis Douglas who lost his life in the descent of the Matterhorn made by Mr. Whymper in 1865, and his third brother is an enthusiastic Roman Catholic priest. It will be receilected that the elder sister of Lady Florence Dixie, Lady Gertrude Douglas, took great interest in her brother's schools and ultimately married a good-looking pupil, a baker's young man

dister of Lady Florence Dixie, Lady Gertrade Dougast took great interest in her brother's schools and distimately married a good-looking pupil, a baker's young man

"Talking of bakers," as a funny man who came down last night said, the Master of the Rolls is dead. Poor Sir George Jeasel was only fifty-nine years old, anddied very young for a judge. He was a consummate lawyer, a Jew, and a vulgar and the deepest dye. It was positively painful to hear this man, whose brain power was enormous, make himself ridiculous by his Houndsditch voice and Whitechapel accent. This is the reason, carefully veiled by our biographers here, why he did not succeed in the House of Commons. What is incredible aimost is that being a very clever man, almost a genius," he did not learn, or get himself taught English. Frobably he was like many clever men, conceited, and thought it not worth while to learn to speak English like a genileeran. He found time amid his immense legal work to study botany and such like rubbish, but never found any to learn that important part of an advocate's workhow to speak English. He was, however, so strong a lawyer that preferment could not be denied him, and he proved an excellent judge. But it made one's blood run could to hear the Master of the Rolls say "Yer may 'ave yer rool, brother," in the voice of Whitechapel "without an'th' in the pack." He was in this respect like the late Baron Channell, who while at the bar was once brought to bay in an action about the bar's Helen. He called it Ellen. The judge was disturbed and asked what the proper name of the ship was. The unhappy counsel said: "Ellen, my lud. He-l-e-n, 'Ellen. He reat the opposing counsel remarked that the aspirate" hid had hike the ship, been 'lost in the chops of the Channell."

It is only fair to Jessel to admit that when he was educated at University College it was "the godiess U -niversity we've got in town," and that he neither enjoyed the advantage of a public school nor of a genuine university education, for Oxford and Cambridge

a bankrupt peer of no account.

Some of the "Johnnies" and "Chappies" staying here will actually go up to town to see the new Easter pieces, and return about Wednesday. These "maskers"—how this old bit of New-York slang has purgled people here i

This is the story which is ingeniously worked by said of the pere prodigar of the wife.

I would fain have written more concerning stage prospects, but am anddenly startled by a view-halloo of surpassing power. I thought I was beyond the reach of an intruder, but a cross-country friend, who has risden over the hills to dine here, has determined to "uncarth" me as he calls it, to dig me out as if I were a fox. There is no resisting this kind of person, so he sits down in front of the fire and begins to tell me hunting stories, only one of which I will strive to render intelligible:

Mr. George Lane Fox, a Yorkshire gentleman of some thirty thousand sterling per annum on his rent roll, has for many years been Master of the Bramham Moor pack of fox-hounds. During that time he has addressed himself seriouly to the breeding of fox-hounds and is considered to have the best pack in the world. The master is very proud of their running mute, that is to say, without lifting up their voices in what is called "dull ery," Great difference of opinion, however, existe upon this point, many excellent fox-hunners preferring to hear the muslo of the pack. It must also be explained that Mr. Fox has a habit of "letting out" fearfully at any of the Leeds folk who instead of following his hounds at a respectful distance ride over and injure those valuable animals like cockney sportsmen as they are. The other day Mr. Fox let out to some purpose at one of these townsmen, but was met by the crushing reply before the whole hunting field: "Look here, Mr. Fox, if your hounds made a little more noise and you made a little less it would be more pleasant all round." My informant declared that the vectan M. F. H. opened his mouth no more that day.

You will gather from this example that in fox-hunting a little wit goes a long way if it is only personal and shot out straight from the shoulder like Sir George Woundwill's remark to the Jew stock-broker who ventured to disapprove of the manner in which that popular barenet hunted the York and Ain

ADAM, LILITH AND EVE.

One day, it thundered and lightened, Two women, tairly frightened, Sank to their knees, transformed, transfixed, At the feet of the man who sat betwixt; And "Mercy!" cried each—"if I tell the truth Of a passage in my youth!"

Said This: "Do you mind the morning I met your love with scorning? As the worst of the venom left my lips, I thought 'If, despite this lie, he strips The mask from my soul with a kiss—I crawl His slave,—soul, body and all!" Said That: "We stood to be married;

Said That: "We stood to be maried;
The priest, or some one, tarried;
'If Paradise-door prove locked?' smiled you.
I thought, as I nodded, smiling too.
'Did one, that's away, arrive—nor late
Nor soon should unlock Hell's gate!'"

It ceased to lighten and thunder,
Up started both in wonder,
Looked round and saw that the sky was clear.
Then laughed "Confess you believed us, Dear?"
"I saw through the joke!" the man replied
They rescated themselves beside,
ROBERT BROWNING.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE CHINESE MINISTER.

Washington Letter to St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

For a man of his years this Cheng Tsao Ju has the greatest fondness for society, and is on the go continually. From New Year's Day until the 4th of March the Minister and his interpreter made afternoon calls as steadily as any society woman, and the solemn old mandarin seemed to be enjoying it quite as much as if he was born to that sort of thing. His nephew acts as interpreter, and his celestial name of Chin Chi Young becomes Mr. Chin when he is formally addressed in society. No one attacks the Minister's monthful of consonants when he is spoken to, and he is always addressed and referred to as "your excellency" and "his excellency." Mr. Chin has the brightest and most intelligent face, lighted with a pair of sparkling brown eyes, and when he smiles he displays a set of beautifully white teeth. He speaks English as rapidly and easily as if born under our flag, and once in a while picks up a stray idiom or a piece of slang that sounds wonderfully funny coming from him. Some one asked him yesterday, "How are you, Mr. Chin?" "Oh, I am all A No.1," glibly re ponded the young Chinamm, and a shout of laughter followed the reply, although it would have been anything but funny if an American had made such an answer. The young ladies make eyes at this handsome young fellow, and if he were not always tied to the Minister's elbow and obliged to translate dignified compliments and longitudes to him all through an entertainment, Mr. Chin's knowledge of English and his charming manners might enable him to master the great American art of firtration.

The old Chinese Minister is always a fascinating study wherever he is encountered, and though his dress, his bonnet and his long queu speak of another eivilization, he fits into our ways wonderfully well and enjoys himself all the while. He is said to have a score or so of costly sandal-wood and cedar boxes containing a wardrobe valued at \$150,000. This is rather a heavy estimate to put upon all of his long-seved coats and narrow

somewhere in the folds of his long overhanging sleeves, he is as sleek, fat and happy an old fellow as you might wish to look at. He is over sixty years of age, but enjoys perfect health, and is good for another forry years. His poor little wife is only inneteen, and she might as well be in the District Jail for all that she sees or enjoys of American life. The little Madame lives entirely in her own apartments, in company with a Chinese maid, and though the Legation building holds a dozen secretaries or attachés, uone of them are ever permitted to see her. Her pretty, wistful little face can often be seen at her windows, but when she goes to ride she enters the carriage from a covered passace at the side of the house, and is about lost to sight in the edepths of her capacious vehicle. The most pointed hints that are given to the Minister as to visiting his wife are blandly ignored, and society gets only himself for its teas, dinners and receptions. At several houses the Minister is a frequent and favored guest, and has progressed so far in acquaintance as to be able to understand a great deal without his interpreter. At state dinners at the White House the Chinese Minister can only be sociable to his neighbors at the table by dumb show and pantonime, and at Secretary Frelinghuysen's he would be left in the same forlorn estate if the young ladies of the family were not so kindly interested in him. Miss Tillie Frelinghuysen is his especial friend, and by her rapid and vivacious talk and gesturce can make him understand and regaled with a decoction of his own fine tea leaves. The Minister superintends the making of it, and when he presents hunself at their afternoon receptions he is seated at Miss Frelinghuysen's tea-table and regaled with a decoction of his own fine tea leaves. The Minister superintends the making of it, and when his own special cup is poured out it is a pale straw-colored decoction, much weaker than our people think of dr.nking it, and possessing a strange berb flavor that only the educated Chi

A WHIPPING STONE.

From Seven Years at Elon, A boy—no matter his name, for he sits in Parliament now—a boy who was both nervous and credulous, had been made to believe that a decoction of fresh walnut juice used as ointment would harden any part of the body to which it was applied. Having been complained of on a half-holiday, and auticipating that he should have to "stay at nine" on the marrow, he procured some green walnuts.

ing been complained of on a hair nonday, and are teepating that he should have to "stay at nine" on the morrow, he procured some green walnuts, squashed their juice out into a basin, and daubed himself freely with the liquid over night.

Next morning he found to his dismay that he bad stained himself to a rich mahogany color, which would not wash off. It was in vain that he rubbed himself with a soapy sponge and called moon his neighbors to assist "him in this operation; the stains would not go; several of his friends, however, reassured him by saying that they did not show much, and it was on the faith of these statements that the self-painted one went into school. At 9 o'clock he appeared in the swishing-room, and being too shy to give the head master a hint of what had happened, knelt down without a word. Dr. G. fairly recoiled. But when the sixth form prapostor, who had got an inkling of the story, laughingly explained how and for what purpose walnut juice had been used, the doctor's mirth was too great to allow him to proceed with the castigation. He threw down the birch and hurriedly left the room.

Janet was not comely, but an excellent servant, and especially devout. One Sunday afternoon, on returning from the kirk, she mentioned to the ladies of the family how much she had enjoyed the services. Shortly afterward they heard her ecolding at a great rate, and one of the ladies remonstrated with her, "Why, Janet, I'm afraid the service did you very little good, after all, as you seem to have lost your temper," Ah weel " and Janet, "I left Willium to look after things, and every thing's so upset it's amough is tak the taste of wraver out of one's manth."